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VOL. XX.—NO. 1.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

Democrats in Control of the New York Senate.

Sherman's Fight With Foraker in Ohio —Blaine Enthusiasm.

Louisiana's Lottery—Rhode Island Democrats Jubilant.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 29.—The Court of Appeals' decision in the contested election cases this afternoon gives the Senate to the Democrats.

The court decides that the State board of canvassers shall issue a certificate to Nichols, the Democratic candidate for senator in the Onondaga district, and to Walker, the Democratic candidate in the Steuben district.

In the Dutchess case the court holds that the Mylod certificate is sufficient, but leaves the question open for the exercise of judgment of the State board of canvassers as to whether the certificate of election should be given to Deane or Osborne.

In the Derby case the court holds that the certificate of election should be given to Derby, the Republican candidate in the Rensselaer-Washington district.

The Democrats had 14 of the uncontested districts, and the Republicans 13.

The decisions as handed down read as follows:

The people ex. rel. Frank Sherwood, Republican, vs. the State board of canvassers. Order for writ and writ itself remanded, striking out provisions requiring a return to the ballot box of all votes cast by the county clerk of Dutchess county, and, as modified, affirmed without costs. This opinion is written by Judge Peckham, and all costs.

The people ex. rel. Frank Sherwood, Republican, vs. the State board of canvassers. Order for writ and writ itself remanded, and general reversal and application for this mandamus denied without costs.

The people ex. rel. John A. Nichols, respondent, against the people ex. rel. John B. Peck, appellants, the order appealed from affirmed without costs. This throws the Peck Republican, out because of the ballots which were changed in several towns of Onondaga county, and which are deemed to be ballots marked for identification.

The other Sherwood decision reads: "The people ex. rel. Frank Sherwood, respondent, against the secretary of state, amicus curiae, and general reversal and application for this mandamus denied without costs. This opinion is written by Judge Peckham, and all costs."

The Senate organization will therefore be effected by the Democrats on a majority of 16 to 14.

As the House stands with a majority of 2 in favor of the Democrats, or 67 to 65, both branches will be in sympathy with the Governor.

MCENERY SPEAKS.

Accepts the Split Democratic Nomination of Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29.—Judge Samuel McEnergy, associate justice of the State Supreme Court, and one of the split Democratic ticket for governor, has accepted the nomination.

While declaring himself opposed to the Louisiana State lottery, he deprecates the bitterness which has marked the progress of the campaign, and regards the issue as one upon which he may honestly differ without being made a traitor.

He urges the action of the anti-lottery men in bolting the State convention, and declares that the Farmers' Alliance has no right to conspire to disrupt the Democracy.

RHODY'S DEMOCRACY HAPPY.

Big Boom in Voters Causes High Hopes for the Future.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Features of the Usual Reception by President Harrison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—An entirely new feature in the official New Year's reception practically doubled the scope and opportunities of it, and the innovation has caused no end of talk.

When the programme for the occasion at the White House was announced a few days ago it was stated that the reception would be given at the Vice-President and Mr. Morton would an hour after the opening of the presidential reception be at their palatial home on Rhode Island av., fronting Scott circle, to receive the same callers who visited the White House in much the same order as was observed in the programme arranged for events in the Executive mansion.

"But it is a fact," he continued, "that nothing goes so much money into our coffers as our fish and game, and I am always ready to support my statement made at the time of the last election, that their value could not be expressed short of many millions." Peckham is even too modest to say that he will be the first to admit that the amount of the revenue will easily reach the figures mentioned.

"In other words the supporters of Sherman are willing to pay him what he wants to have in the cause and save their skins."

Gen. William C. Gear, Democratic senator for the upstate county, and Senator Nichols, of Onondaga county, also have approached the subject and are willing to enter into an arrangement of that kind.

"Mal. Ton Benton, one of Foraker's managers, has been in touch with Nichols and has agreed that the well-known Democratic hatred of Gov. Foraker made the Democratic combination next year will be able to do its own thinking and acting.

This allows the board to consider the question of Sherwood's eligibility, and pass upon it, and may thus send Walker, his Democratic opponent, to the Senate.

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OVIATION TO BLAINE.

Cheered to the Echo and Hailed as "Our Next President."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—There was only one real "incident" at the New Year's reception at the White House today, and that, as might have been expected, had Mr. Blaine as central figure.

There was a crowd of some 300 or 400 persons gathered in front of Mr. Blaine's house to watch the diplomats enter and leave. But after a while the crowd tired of this fun and made a bold attempt to call on the secretary, only to be told at the door that the secretary was not receiving the general public.

Still the people lingered, thinking, perhaps, that the call the secretaries had come the night before a chance for them; when the door was thrown open and Mr. Blaine came out of the house bacheaded and escorting a lady to her carriage.

The moment Mr. Blaine was recognized the crowd gave a mighty shout of Blaine, Blaine, Blaine.

They cheered, and hats were thrown up in the air.

It was a genuine and spontaneous outburst of popular sentiment.

Mr. Blaine, however, took not a single step toward her as she drove away, and then turned to enter his house.

As he walked back to his sitting and cheering, renewed with greater vehemence, Mr. Blaine had his foot on one of the two steps leading to the porch.

He had turned, faced the crowd and slightly smiled.

This scant recognition was but his admiring and popular smile. A man in uniform, officers of the executive service, clapped and cheered with a will, punctuated by the name of Maine's great son.

But Mr. Blaine simply smiled, and then quickly walked into his house.

MR. BLAINE'S IDEA.

President Should Not be a Hustler of Political Patronage.

If Mr. Blaine should be the next president of the United States he will inaugurate a new system in presidential practices. He

has partially outlined his views to a friend, and they are interesting.

He believes that the president is called upon to make up to whom his time in the service of his country, his appointments which never ought to come before him and which really distract from the dignity of his office.

Nearly all of the president's time is now taken up with seeing office seekers and considering appointments, and as a result he is forced to neglect his duties as a member of the cabinet.

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THE BOYS' STRIKE.

BY MARJORIE RICHARDSON.
And I say," cried Dick excitedly, "no one ever thinks anything about us. They are always bothering about somebody's rights, but they don't care a rap whether boys have any or not. We are walked over by our parents, just as Mike says—" "That's what grubbed Tommy Davis. "He's the one who took away our six-guns because we don't know how to handle them, and I'd like to know how we can learn without them."

"Mike says the only way to escape from this thralldom is to bind ourselves together, and be Knights of Labor. They are men

he muttered. "It made me feel mean when we came to mother. Wish I hadn't carried 'Shall men rule us?' No!"

"I don't think so," said Tom.

"If you had seen the governor's face when he saw the old thing I carried off the Tyrin' Father! But I carry it with me now."

"I wouldn't mind catching it," said Joe wrathfully, "but I do hate to be made fun of. My father's a lawyer at even less than that, but when I went by he said 'Higher wages—shorter hours' he just said down on the steps and bellowed. I told Mike that was all right, when I knew I shall never hear that last of it."

"No matter," said Dick, resolutely.

"Then we'll take a stand and we must stay it. We've taken a stand, when we're ready to fight. I don't look at him much. He and mother role slowly by us in the dogcart, just as we leaned against the fence and glanced wistfully from one boy to another.

"The dynamite," he gasped. "Where is the dynamite? It's in my pocket. That father is driving and Mike said a breath would explode it."

Dick shook off Tom's Sociedad arm and started down the road, quickly followed by his horrified companions. The torches and transparencies pointed the way, and the bright light on the white drawn faces beneath Dick's feet flew over the ground with a swift tread, treading to the words that were written through his feet:

"Dynamite, dynamite, dynamite. Do you remember the 5th of November, The gunpowder treason and plot."

Around the corner of the street by the post office stood a dovecot with a woman seated in it. The horse caught sight of the burning light and reared, and Mike started to run, but Dick caught up the reins that were trailing on the ground and clung to them desperately.

The boy, running and curving wildly, dragged the sturdy little figure some distance down the road, until a man caught him in the arms and forced him to stop. Then Dick staggered to his feet and called faintly:

"Hurry, father—hurry. Take mother out. She'll burst, to pieces. There's dynamite under the seat."

One of the men in the group about the post office had a dovecot with a woman seated in it. The horse caught sight of the burning light and reared, and Mike started to run, but Dick caught up the reins that were trailing on the ground and clung to them desperately.

The boy, running and curving wildly, dragged the sturdy little figure some distance down the road, until a man caught him in the arms and forced him to stop. Then Dick staggered to his feet and called faintly:

"Hurry, father—hurry. Take mother out. She'll burst, to pieces. There's dynamite under the seat."

"What'll tell us how?" queried Joe Harris. "I might get Mike's," suggested Dick. "Father's given him a week's warning without a character, and he's in the garden working it out now. Father says he drinks, but Mike doesn't, and that father ought to take his word for it. Oh, he added thoughtfully,

"Mike has been," began Dick, "but there wasn't anything in the bank till this morning."

"Then it's him must get the implements of defiance all the supplies of the brotherhood."

"Oh," groaned Joe. "I can't. Won't you be treasurer like me?" he answered slowly. "Father said he wanted to get better acquainted with me, and mother cried and said it was all her fault from beginning to end. I don't see why," he added thoughtfully.

(Copyright, 1891.)

HOW SKATES AND SNOWSHOES BEGAN.

BY WALTER HOUGH, UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM.

There is no more graceful and skillful exercise than skating. A skilful skater makes one almost look for the wings that the ancients fixed to the ankles of Mercury, Perseus and Minerva. In one thing can the birds be rivalled by

humans.

As they sleep, on sounding skates a thousand different ways, in circling poses, swift as the wind along.

The boy who has never learned to skate has lost a pleasure that is dear to a boy's heart, but there are few who have not tried skating, however limited the streams, pond or icy places for practice may have been.

Skates are very old; hundreds, perhaps thousands of years before this crisp winter skating was a merry sport.

Perhaps, too, many in this class of invention that more ideas are new than really are so.

If we remember that everything we see around us grew up, when we begin the inquiry about skates that came before the keen-edged "club" with all the ardor of his torments.

It is certain that skates would be of no use to the ancients, who had to look for their home in the land of long winters, of crusty snow and ice-bound rivers.

We would not envy the boy of long ago, as he bound the shin-bones of some animal to his feet, and went through a kind of sprawling gymnastics that was the skating of the period.

In Iceland skates are called istiggr, "ice-singes," the shin-bones of a sheep.

(Copyright, 1891.)

ON THE TURNER PLANTATION.

A Story of a Georgia Boy's Adventures During the War.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Author of "Uncle Remus," "Rabbit's Wedding," "Daddy Jake, the Hoochaway," "Free and His Master," "Free Joe," etc.

"It is all over—the big is up. 'Tis a thousand pities."

"Not much," exclaimed Jim-Polk. "The fun's just begun. A coon ain't ketch jes because he's up a tree."

"Yasser," said Harbert, with a loud whoop, "dey most sholy is!"

"Then, said Mr. Snelson, sarcastically, "it is all over—the big is up. 'Tis a thousand pities."

"Not much," exclaimed Jim-Polk. "The fun's just begun. A coon ain't ketch jes because he's up a tree."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Snelson, with a serious air, "if they've got wings, upon me soul, we should have fetched a balloon."

When the hunters arrived the bounds were rapidly baying and guawing at the foot of the tree.

"Back to back!" exclaimed Mr. Snelson, with much solemnity. His little joke was below in a box, an' if it's shock it'll be split."

"It must not on my account be split, but we'll have to use it. Now, where'll yer put it?"

"There's the high dogcart in the carriage house," suggested Harbert, "and the horses are good."

"Well, how do you think it went?" asked Dick, who was the first to enter the room.

"The members of the brotherhood stopped in the lane near the common and looked gloomily at each other."

Jack shuffled his feet and twisted his toes from side to side.

"It wasn't as good as I thought it would

be," he muttered. "It made me feel mean when we came to mother. Wish I hadn't carried 'Shall men rule us?' No!"

"I don't think so," said Tom.

"If you had seen the governor's face when he saw the old thing I carried off the Tyrin' Father! But I carry it with me now."

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SMUGGLING IN A HAT.

Courtesy Demanded from a Queen's Officer.

Tricks He Practiced When a Mate Revealed by a Revenue Inspector.

Women Such Believers in Free Trade That the Best of Them Cannot Resist.

"That is the principle of free trade, the most difficult to understand, for a person can conceal such a large amount of property in so small a space that it is completely hidden from the eyes of the revenue officer with hidden jewels and remain unsuspected.

To detect this class it is necessary to search the vessel, to inspect the hold, to inspect the deck, and various were the devices to which this man resorted, but when he found that we were making him an object of suspicion he gave up his illegitimate practices for a while; then, having been promoted to the dignified and lucrative position of 'boss calligrapher,' he has again taken up his old tricks, together with which he has had little occasion to suspect him since.

The diamond smuggler is, perhaps, the most difficult to apprehend, for a person can conceal such a large amount of property in so small a space that it is completely hidden from the eyes of the revenue officer with hidden jewels and remain unsuspected.

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HOW BERNHARDT LIVES.

**Key to Her Great Endurance
is Wisdom.**

**What She Eats and Drinks—Her Man-
ner of Getting Relief.**

**Manicure and Perfumes—Plenty of
Open Air Exercise.**

**NAOMI, Jan. 2.
ARAH has gone!**

And with her a small world of confusion. The throes of suppressed excitement, the throb, the whirl and flutter of French vivacity at the Hoffman House have given place to a memory. Nor does genius and accomplishment alone feel the recollection.

This great French woman is sensible, practical, methodic, absolutely efficient; she all the whirlwind inconsistencies laid to her door. Witness the good plain sense, as exemplified in her daily private life.

"Madame, how would you define *repose*?" inquired THE GLOBE representative, in a recent interview in madame's bedroom.

"Repose? I have had a look. Such a look! of anguish and mischief, as only La Bernhardt can give. The waywardness of this *que nature* fairly danced into the yes. And when I left her, she was like a young kitten with a mouse."

"Par example," came next with a ripple of mirth, "fun! Above all, reporters!" To which she replied, "That's right, *ma chere*! There would be rest indeed!"

But somewhere amid all the waywardness, beauty and charm, she had relished her little shot at journalism, she consented to get right down to business, and proceeded to speak of her internal meadow.

"Food, ah yes; that should come first."

You all know that in France we breakfast at 11 o'clock, and dinner at 2 o'clock. When I wake you understand; sometimes an *œuf*—I am fond of eggs—eat them frequently. But it must be always *œufs*—soft-boiled eggs, when I wake, when my mouth and face are freshened.

At 12 o'clock, always promptly, is my breakfast, when you call luncheon—a variety of meat, vegetables, etc., 6 o'clock. I have a soup and chicken, some small bird—and always the table set for six."

"The meal over, I am sure at night that I make my heart ready to recuperate strength. This is a complete course dinner, invariably with friends, the same as in Paris. When on land or sea, in cities or in travel, these meals occur with systematic routine. It is best, so far meals with regularity, and not something else."

"How long does madame sleep?" "Five hours generally, in a cool room without light."

Manufacturers of essences, as she uses many but would still have to leave out some and advertise unduly others.

But she has a strong repugnance for odors that are not her own. She has an overweening fondness for rose leaf perfumes, both as scents, i.e., the dried leaves and the oil essences—like other roses.

Just now she has a predilection for what is really an old-fashioned rose perfume. It is a perfume that is like the smell of your hand, on your glove or shoulder inevitably leaves the trace of this perfume. She also

LEARNED TO MAKE BREAD.

**The Confessions of a Cook
Self-Made.**

**Octave Thanet's Experiments Which
Proved to be a Failure.**

**No Cast-Iron Rule for Yeast—How to
Make White Bread.**

THAT may not be an encouraging remembrance to an impulsive conscience forces me to confess that I was years uttering with yeast and flour before I got beyond a hit-or-miss knowledge of bread.

Life is too short for me to begin to tell of my experiments, but the well approved rules for bread that I followed with anxious exactness, with tremulous hopefulness, with discouragement with despair!

Then I flung them all aside and experimented with every kind of yeast. I have tried a mucilaginous compound of intoxicated potato. I have tried the weird magic called salt raising, and the yeast that is left at the front door in an envelope "for the lady of the house."

Lately, I have tried compressed yeast. You can—if the Lord has given you a patient temperament—make admirable bread out of all these yeasts, but you will not get the best out of the last.

Without going into the scientific aspect of the subject, I must say, in the beginning, that there is no cast-iron rule possible for yeast. No fear of the culinary demands more of the eye than the making of perfect bread.

But there is this compensation, an eye accustomed to the proper looks of bread dough in all its stages is equal to any kind of flour or any kind of yeast. It was my good fortune to be born with a taste for bread to meet one of the best bread-makers in the world. Mrs. Emma P. Ewing:

As a debutante in society Miss Rachel Sherman, daughter of the great war general, and now the bride of Dr. Paul Thorncliffe of this city, was easily noticeable for her quiet and self possessed manner.

OLD TECUMSEH'S SPIRIT

Manifested in His Daughter Rachel, the Beautiful Bride of Dr. Paul Thorncliffe.

As a debutante in society Miss Rachel Sherman, daughter of the great war general, and now the bride of Dr. Paul Thorncliffe of this city, was easily noticeable for her quiet and self possessed manner.

GOOD BREAD MUST BE BEAT.

MRS. PAUL THORNDIKE.

This manner of hers was not indicative of a haughty mind, for she was always gracious in social intercourse.

The frankness of her manner was noticeable to the observer who would look below the surface of things. The open frankness of her ambitious father was reflected in her own, and also the sterling qualities of regard for high ideals and moral truth and principle which came from her friend, the man from whom she descended on her mother's side.

She is slight but graceful in figure, has a quiet but admirable taste in matters of the toilet, and is a success. Whether on land or sea, in cities or in travel, these meals occur with systematic routine. It is best, so far meals with regularity, and not something else."

"How long does madame sleep?" "Five hours generally, in a cool room without light."

ENAMELED WORK TABLE

Directions for Making a Pretty and Useful Article.

By all odds the prettiest combination of furniture and needlework that has been made this winter is a work table like the cut.

It is of pine, enamelled in white and decorated in pink and gold. Its form is the popular kidney shape, and it has two shelves.

Between the two is suspended the work bag, which is made of art cretonne, blue denim or some other substantial stuff. There are pockets filled on the under side of the upper shelf, and a small tray at an angle of about 45 degrees. On these two sticks the top of the work-bag is nailed sturdily.

When the milk bag is to be used, I take it off, lay it to the temple. Then I put some well-sifted flour in a bowl. A quart of flour will do—not more, nor less.

I beat it vigorously with a wooden spoon. Cut the bag in one piece and fold for a hurry. Take a cake of Fleischmann's compressed yeast. I heat the milk (which must be fresh; I prefer the morning's milk) to a point just before boiling. I add the yeast to the milk.

In brief, she taught me what I was beginning to suspect, but, no doubt, would have told me if I had asked her, that in milled white bread the sponge is a work of supererogation.

Since that time I have never used it. Hence the manner in which I make white bread:

To a pint of milk or a pint and a half if not in a hurry, take a cake of Fleischmann's compressed yeast. I heat the milk (which must be fresh; I prefer the morning's milk) to a point just before boiling. I add the yeast to the milk.

When the milk has cooled, add the yeast to the temple. Then I put some well-sifted flour in a bowl. A quart of flour will do—not more, nor less.

I beat it vigorously with a wooden spoon. Cut the bag in one piece and fold for a hurry.

If the yeast is fresh and good it will crumble like stale putty; if it is stale it will be like a rock.

Sew across the bottom and halfway up the sides. Then fold the bag in half, lay it flat, and tie it with a string.

Now comes peril! I wish to wave the first danger signal over a pit where I have stepped.

You may make dough too thick, or you may make it too thin. If you make it too thin you will have to bevel the edges to the romantic animals!

If you make it too thin you will see your sharply lobed and pointed ears.

When you have made the dough, mix the yeast with the tepid milk thoroughly. Then pour it into the batter, now it is safe to add the flour.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JAN. 5, 1892.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

JANUARY * 1892 *						
SUN.	M.	T.	W.	TH.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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WITH US AGAINST CHILI.

More and yet more remote appears the probability of a war between the United States and Chili. Still, it must be borne in mind, no apology has come as yet, and no one can say that some sudden outbreak of national conceit and martial spirit may not at any moment fairly compel the Montt administration to take hostile and defiant attitude concerning our rightful claims.

But in such an event (which would, of course, mean war), Chili would not find her cause free and unchallenged. She could not confine herself to "long distance" hostilities. Two of her neighbors only await word that the United States had declared war to range themselves eagerly on the side of Uncle Sam in the work of fighting Chili.

Neither Peru nor Bolivia has forgotten the years of loss, disaster and disgrace which witnessed the victories of their own soldiers of the fierce Chilianos. Revenge would be as dear a thought to them as to France itself, should the long-for opportunity come to retrieve national humiliation.

No allies, indeed, could be warmer or more zealous in our cause than Peru and Bolivia if it should be found necessary to appeal to arms to maintain the honor of the republic. It is perfectly safe to say that if the Stars and Stripes are to be carried to Santiago, and wave over the government buildings in that proud capital, the banners of Bolivia and Peru will not be found far from the head of the triumphal parade of the allied forces.

The selections for this department from exchanges are all carefully edited to present what is important and seasonable to be known.

THE GENIAL MAN. He is liked because he is agreeable. But to be guided in our judgments of men chiefly by the circumstance that their manners please us to be, in so far, mere children, "pleased by a rattle, tickled by a straw." Sometimes, like LUTHER, like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the genial man is also the great man, the true philanthropist. But not infrequently the really great man is by his very greatness somewhat isolated, as was WILLIAM THE SILENT, GEORGE WASHINGTON, or CHARLES LORNE. Such a man is too earnest, too religious, or too studious to be willing to spend his days and nights with the crowd.

It is a sign of possible national degeneration when the social traits are made of leading importance in the choice of political leaders. Ability, knowledge and conscience should be the tests. But the genial man is often neither good nor self-sacrificing, and, therefore, whatever ability he may have advances only himself, not his profession, his town or his country. The real well-wisher of men must sometimes call them up higher, at the risk of displeasing by outspoken dissatisfaction with existing institutions or customs.

Yet the children of light may learn something from the children of this world. The good and the wise are under no obligation to be also the disagreeable. In fact, it especially behoves all who wish to endeavor to cultivate that cordiality and kindness of manner which create love in others as naturally as sunshine brings out flowers.

ADELAIDE A. CLAFIN.

OUR SALUTE TO '92.

Another leaf in the great book of time and fate has been turned. Another page on the ledger of human affairs opens.

A retrospect of the past year shows a clear balance on the side of progress and the general welfare. The fates scatter blessings and misfortunes with a mysterious hand, but on the whole the blessings always outweigh the misfortunes, and the advances in wealth, comfort, refinement and general prosperity.

The past year has not smiled upon the harvests of the old world, but has crowned our own with abundance. This unequal distribution of agrarian blessings has, however, a compensating side, for it teaches the nations of the earth their mutual interdependence and counts for international peace and good will.

It was to point to the most promising fraternal feature which has been fostered and nourished during the past year it is reciprocity in its broadest sense—reciprocity in government, in religion, in education and in trade. In governmental disputes it expresses itself as arbitration, in religion as associative humanitarian work, in education as university extension and in trade as commercial treaties eliminating the policy of mutual injury.

As for the general health, the mortality tables will not be found to exceed the average of other years. La grippe is the particular visitation of the period, but in other years it has been something else, now absent. We are too apt to contract our vision into the immediate present, and to forget that in the distribution of health and happiness nature carries on a wonderfully uniform system of general averages.

There is every reason for faith in the future. This or that passing evidence of social degeneracy is, after all, but a mere speck in the great moral universe. The scheme of progress is too vast to be essentially affected by the individual shortcomings, now and then, which possess the narrow vision of the pessimist.

Open the new ledger account of 1892 with a courage that never says die. The world moves, and progress is always "in it." With this assurance The Globe wishes its readers and all the world a Happy New Year.

GLOBE NECESSARY TO FARMERS.

The department, Co-operative Farming, will appear every week during 1892. It is intended for the free use of subscribers in asking questions on doubtful points in farming and gardening for profit, and the larger the number of questions asked the more helpful it will be to readers and the more pleasing to THE GLOBE. Mr. ANDREW H. WARD, one of the few editors who has both scientific and practical knowledge of farming in all its branches, particularly requests that subscribers communicate freely with him for information, or to tell what they themselves have been taught by experience.

The selections for this department from exchanges are all carefully edited to present what is important and seasonable to be known.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.

War is serious business; but there are some rather amusing features attending our possible conflict with Chili.

As the skies come to assume a more belligerent hue has the very natural question taken possession of our coast cities as to what defenses they have against the possible visit of such a marine terror as the Chileans.

Appreciation of the comic element in life is indeed a safeguard and a balance-wheel to great intellect. It is not simply an additional perceptive faculty; it is a token of the power of judging values, and of that ability to recognize the frailty of human nature, which prevents men from passing hard and uncharitable verdicts upon the characters and acts of others. We may well believe that, if the poor human race had included a little more fun in its composition, theology would never have been so grim, and CALVINS and SERVETIUS alike might never have existed. What broad sympathy and toleration is shown in BURNS'

"O wad ye feel, wad Nickie-hen!"
"O wad ye tak a thoughtin' men!"
"Ye alibis might—I dinna ken—" Still haes a stane—
"Ev'n for your sake!"

All mankind loves a lover," and mankind particularly loves the genial, good-natured man who seems to love all mankind. He is not addicted to fault-finding, his feelings are shown by kind words, by the warm grasp of the hand and the hearty, inspiring tones of the voice. He is usually fond of company, "in" for all the good times, generous of his leisure, his money, and himself. The genial man is frequently the successful business or professional man, while for a politician, especially in piping times of peace, when no great struggle is occupying the political arena, geniality is at a premium.

Where would have been the career of Mr. BLAINE with his genial, magnetic qualities left out? Our own ex-Governor LONG has something of the same temperament, while among the smaller politicians and lobbyists geniality is a great card. Many a man in the various State Legislatures has commanded quite a following, and had a ridiculously disproportionate share of influence, because to his modicum of brains was added friendliness of manner and some faculty for telling funny stories, often neither nice nor wise, but which pleases his fellow-subscribers by giving them that opportunity to laugh loud and long which seems to be so niceful as a relief to their lameness now?

We shall take care of Chili as becomes our national dignity. Such a small power,

with little of commercial interest at stake, is, in fact, far more likely to trifle with us than would be a great commercial power like England, which knows only too well where we are able to strike the heaviest blow.

READ EVERY WORD

of this week's issue. There is something to interest each member of your family.

MARK TWAIN, the great humorist, begins a story, "The American Claimant," to run several weeks. Each instalment has qualities of its own to make it enjoyed by itself, although it forms part of a serial. It will be one of THE GLOBE's most popular features. You cannot afford to miss it.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, author of Yawob Strauss, has an ingenious illustrated poem.

Hold the poem before, and facing a light

and read its letter from the other side.

The women have specially prepared papers, by signed contributors, on the latest novelties in fashions, household decoration, cookery, etc. OCTAVE THANEY tells us how to make bread.

Long and far-reaching will be the results of the righteous decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the now famous contested election cases submitted to the tribunal for adjudication. One of the earliest of the good things to be anticipated will be Democratic rule and Democratic responsibility at Albany, as well in the halls of legislation as in the executive chamber.

For the first time New York will be a position to abolish that grossly unfair gerrymander which has so long enabled a Republican minority to control legislation in the Empire State and send men to misrepresent her interests in the Senate at Washington. This is a gain for honest government the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate. Platt has received his death blow.

Victory brings duties not to be shunned. With the possession of its own, The Democracy of New York finds itself face to face with great opportunities. Not one should be wasted or neglected; not one is likely to be most assuredly, under Gov. FLOWERS' careful and judicious direction of affairs, with a Democratic Legislature to give him cordial and unwavering support, many a reform should be won, and the cause of honest government find many a notable addition.

ANOTHER GRIP STORY.

Prof. NORTHCAGEL, the noted Vienna medical authority, who has made a special study of the grip, has published his views on this subject in the medical press. It is conceded that our voters need a thorough revision, and it is also apparent that our voters need to be better instructed as to the exercise of their franchises under the Australian system.

An analysis of the returns of the State vote for the last three years under the Australian system shows how many citizens have not voted, even after they have gone to the polls; their names checked, and cast their ballots.

At the last State election of 1890, 305,594 persons who voted, 894 cast no vote for Governor, 14,283 failed to vote for Lieutenant-Governor, and the number of these blanks is found to have increased as we go down the ticket, until for the sixth State officer, the attorney-general, there were no fewer than 25,028 blank ballots cast. The following table brings out these facts distinctly:

VOTE OF 1890.

	Votes.	Blank ballots.	Percentage of blanks.
Ballots cast.	330,594	8,644	2.71
Governor.	321,650	6,044	4.31
Lieutenant-governor.	159,670	14,283	9.01
Secretary.	308,020	22,574	6.83
Treasurer.	307,293	23,291	7.63
Attorney-general.	272,901	22,629	8.17
Editor.	249,461	15,630	6.25
Attorney-general.	249,324	13,787	5.75

It is evident that the grip has made a great impression on the people of the State.

If the grip microbe is of celestial origin, and is scattered over the whole earth, its preference for certain localities is quite inexplicable.

There is no apparent reason why this parasite should take to Connecticut and attack a far greater proportion of its population than that of New York. Not only this, but one town in Connecticut is seen to be ravaged by it, while a neighboring town is comparatively exempt. In like manner while Newark was suffering a severe visitation the city of New York was but slightly affected. And right here in Massachusetts certain cities and towns report a much more severe experience of



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EXPLANATORY.

HE Colonial Mulberry Sellers here re-introduced to the public is the same person who appeared as Eschol Sellers in the first edition of the tale entitled "The Gilded Age," years ago, and as Beriah Sellers in the subsequent editions of the same book, and finally as Mulberry Sellers in the drama played afterward by John T. Raymond.

The name was changed from Eschol to Beriah to accommodate an Eschol Sellers, who rose up out of the vasty deens of uncharted space and preferred his request-backed by a threat of a libel suit—then went his way unopposed and came no more.

In the "Beriah" he had endeavored to satisfy another member of the race, and Mulberry was substituted in the hope that the objectors would be sated by that time and let it pass unchallenged.

So far it has occupied the field in peace; therefore we chance it again, feeling reasonably safe this time under shelter of the statute of limitations.

MARK TWAIN.

Hartford, 1891.

THE WEATHER IN THIS BOOK

No weather will be found in this book. This is an attempt to put a book through without any weather, but the author's account of the kind in fiction literature, it may prove a failure, but it seemed worth the while of some dare-devil person to try it, and the author was in just the mood.

Many a reader who wanted to read a tale through was not able to do it because of delays on account of the weather. Nothing breaks up an author's progress like having to stop every few pages to fess-up the weather. Thus it is plain that persistent intrusions of weather are bad for both reader and author.

Of course weather is necessary to a narrative of human experience. That is conceded. But it ought to be put where it will not be in the way: where it will not interrupt the flow of the narrative. And it ought to be the ablest weather that can be had, not ignorant, poor-quality, amateur weather.

Weather is a literary specialty, and no untrained hand can turn out a good article of it. The present author can do only a few trifling, inconsequential kinds of weather, and he cannot do those very good. So it has seemed wisest to borrow such weather as is necessary for the cook from qualified and recognized experts—giving credit, of course.

This weather will be found over in the back part of the book, out of the way. See appendix. The reader is requested to turn over and help himself from time to time as he goes along.

APPENDIX.

WEATHER FOR USE IN THIS BOOK.

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

A brief though violent thunderstorm with heavy rain and wind, and a cold day; but still, though the rain had ceased more than an hour before, wild niles of dark and coppery clouds, in which a fierce and rayless glow was laboring, gynanically overhung the grotesque and huddled vista of dwarf houses, while the distance, sheeting high over the low, misty confusion of gables and chimneys, spread a pall of dead, leprosy blue, suffused with blotches of dull, glistening yellow, and with black plague spots of red, floating and faint lightnings crackling on its surface.

Thunder, still muttering in the close and sultry air, kept the scared dwellers in the street within, behind their closed shutters; and all deserted, cowed, dejected, snail-like, poor, stupid, top-heavy things that had felt the wrath of the summer tempest, stood the drenched structures on either side of the narrow and crooked way, ghostly and picturesque under the giant canopy.

Rainbow, now and then, suddenly shot from their projecting eaves upon the broken flagging, lavather in pools or trickled into the swollen drains, where the fallen torrent sullenly gurgled on its way to the river.

"The Brazen Android"—W.D.O'Connor.

The fiery mid-March sun a moment hung Above the bleak Indian wilderness;

The darkness swept upon us, and 'twas night.—"Easter Eve at Kerak-Mouh"—Clinton Scudder.

The quick-closing winter twilight was already at hand. Snow was again falling, sifted delicately down, incisively as it were.

"Felicia"—Fanny N.D. Murfree.

Merciful heavens! The whole west, from right to left, blazes up with a fierce light, and next instant the earth reels and quivers with the awful shock of 10,000 batteries of artillery.

It is the signal for the Fury to spring—for a thousand demons to scream and shriek—for innumerable serpents of fire to writhe and light up the blackness.

Now the rain falls, and the wind is still, with a terrible shriek—now the lightning strikes, and that the eyes burn, and the thunder-claps merge into an awful roar, as did the 500 cannon at Gettysburg!

Cras! Cras! Cras! It is the cottonwood trees falling to earth. Shriek! Shriek! Shriek! It is the Demon racing along the plain and uprooting even the blades of grass.

Shock! Shock! Shock! It is the Fury flinging his fiery bolts into the bosom of the earth.

"The Demon and the Fury"—M. Quad.

Away up the gorge all diurnal fancies trooped into the wide liberties of endless luminous vistas of azure sunlight mountains beyond the shining sunbeams.

The sky was a deep blue pell-mell, only here and there smudges water to azure emulations of its tint.

"In the Stranger's Country"—Charles Egbert Coddock.

There was every indication of a dust-storm, though the sun still shone brilliantly.

The howl had become cold and mournful. It was the sound of the sandy coating of despair in every direction.

Hith in the air were seen whirling spires and cones of sand—a curious effect against the deep blue sky. Below, puffs of sand were breaking out of the plain in every direction, as though the plain were alive with invisible horsemen.

These sandy clouds were instantly dispersed by the wind; it was the larger clouds that were lifted whole into the air, and the larger clouds of sand were becoming more and more the air.

Aloud, quickly scanning the horizon, descended the roof of the boundary-rail but still gleaming in the sunlight. He remembered the hut well. It could not

find time, or maybe inclination, to answer.

"The infant son of the eldest product grew up long interval, you see—and he took to writing letters and furnishing evidences. Well, successor after successor has done the same down to the present idiot. It was a succession of puppers, not one of them was ever able to pay him back to his father."

"The Fathers lost their lordship alive, and so they have never lost it to this day although they live in Maryland: their friend lost his by his own neglect. You perceive now that the facts in this case bring us to precisely this result: Morally the American tramp is rascal at Rossmore; legally he has no more right than his dog. There now, are you satisfied?"

There was a pause, then the son glanced at the crest carved in the great oaken mantel, and said, with a regretful note to his voice:

"Since the introduction of heraldic mottoes, the motto of this house has been 'Sunn enigne'—to every man his own; your father in his 'library,' which was his 'drawing room' and was also his 'picture gallery' and likewise his 'workshop.'

"Sometimes he called it by one of these

names, the remains. The late claimant was a fool, but plainly this new one's a maniac. What a name! Mulberry Sellers—there's music for you. Simon Lathers—Mulberry Sellers—Mulberry Sellers. Simon Lathers. Sounds like machine-work and churning. Simon Lathers. Mulberry Sellers. And you're right."

"I have your leave, father."

The old gentleman stood musing some time after his son was gone.

This was his thought:

"He's a good boy, and lovable. Let him take his own course—it would profit nothing to oppose him—make things worse, in fact. My arguments and his aunt's persuasions have failed; let us see what America can do for us. Let us see what equality means. What can effect for the mental health of a brain-sick young British lord. Going to renounce his lordship and be a man!"

CHAPTER II.

Col. Mulberry Sellers—this was some days before he wrote his letter to Lord Rossmore seated in his "library," which was his

"drawing room" and was also his "picture gallery" and likewise his "workshop."

"Sometimes he called it by one of these

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